Journey To The Centre

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Journey To The Centre

by TigerPrawn

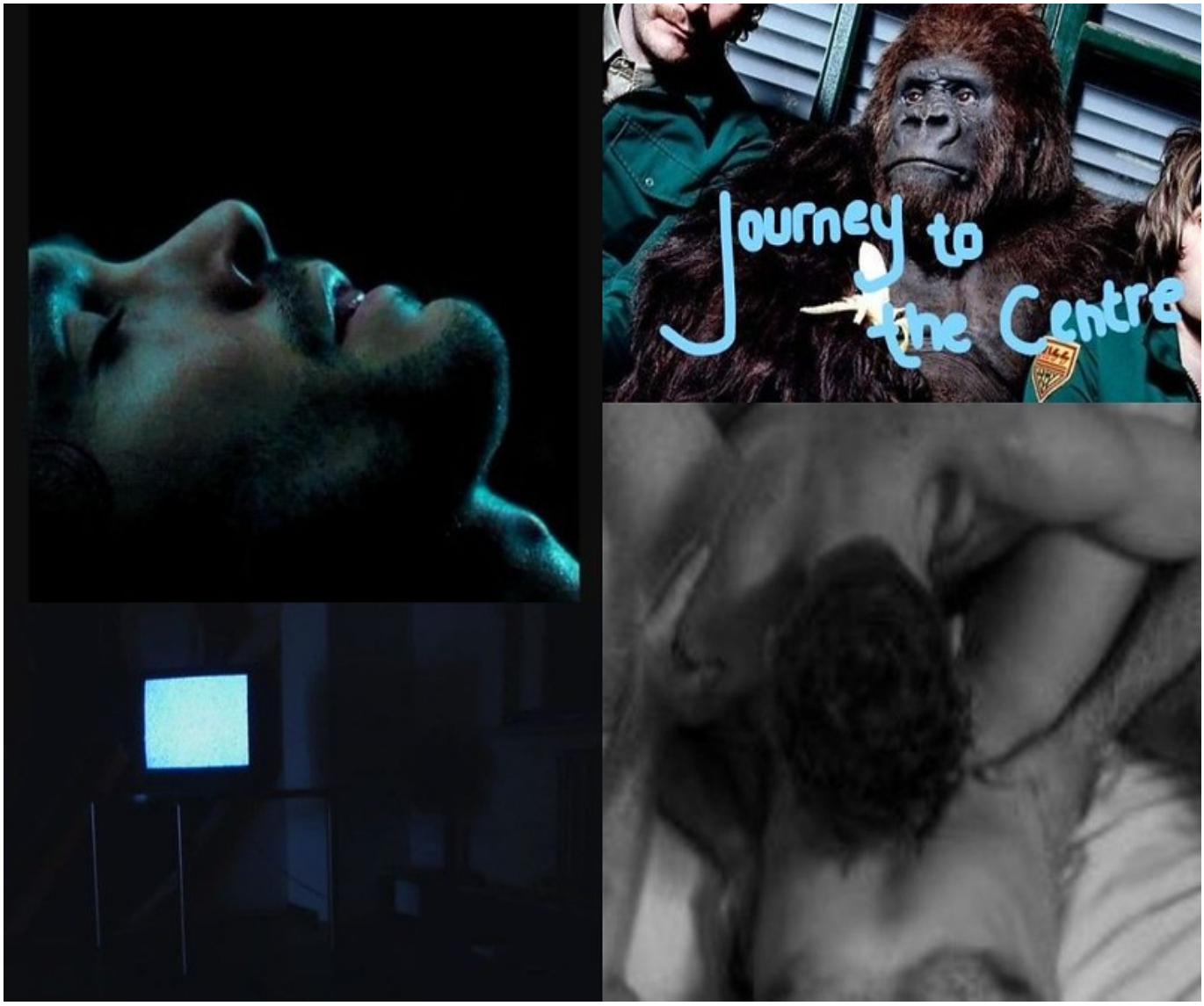
Summary

Will had been wondering whether they are going to dance around this forever. But he hadn’t expected to find romance in the shithole London flat they’re holed up in. And yet...

Notes

This is my @hannibalholiday fic. Merry Christmas @venusdoom43
also for @radiance-anthology‘s first kiss!

Thanks for the beta Victorine!



“Hannibal?” He saw the figure sitting on the beat-up old sofa, no lights in the room other than the eerie glow all televisions seemed to exude in the dead of night.

Will dropped the groceries onto the table, holding his side as he wandered into the lounge-come-kitchen of the tiny apartment. It was dark and smelled faintly of damp, but it was somewhere to lay low. Not the most glamorous place Count Hannibal Lecter had seen in his life, Will was sure. Though probably far from the worst, if any of the feverish babbling over the last couple of weeks was remotely true.

In all honesty, it had taken a day of Hannibal’s delirium before Will decided it was genuine and not some trick - another manipulation.

Given their fall into the Atlantic, they had fared reasonably well. Will still suffered poorly healing ribs as neither of them were well enough to treat them appropriately on their journey. Hannibal, at the time, had seemed in better condition but restricted by the bullet wound in his abdomen.

Will couldn’t help but still feel a little bitter that the resulting infection and sickness Hannibal had suffered since they found this London shithole, was because he’d been too concerned with caring

for Will than to look after himself properly.

“Why aren’t you in bed?” He tried not to sound as annoyed as he was. The bedroom was the warmest room in the apartment and he’d put clean sheets on the bed earlier. The infection had finally broken and Will had aired out the room and tried to make it comfortable whilst Hannibal recovered. Seeing that he had dragged himself out here was annoying.

Hannibal raised a finger at the television.

“Never took you for a couch potato.” Will huffed the words but lost some of his ire as he shrugged off his hoodie and began to unpack the groceries.

“Am I hallucinating?” Hannibal asked in a low rumble whilst he continued to point at the television.

“Why, what do you see?” Will asked, dropping the bread he held onto the counter and making his way to stand behind Hannibal. “What... is this?” He quirked his head and raised a brow. “Is that a gorilla?”

Will watched the television for a few minutes until the credits ran on the show - *Boosh* was all he could make out. He shook his head and walked over to the set, turning it off before looking down where Hannibal was half slumped.

“Is this what you do when I’m out?” Will wasn’t sure whether to be amused or not. “Watch trippy English reruns?”

He had taken to getting their groceries in the all night supermarkets, just a precaution. Until they were both completely healed and healthy they needed to remain absolutely cautious… and stuck in this airless and squalid place.

“Come on, let’s get you back to bed. It’s nicer in there.”

Hannibal nodded and let Will help him up from the sofa and steady him down the short hall and into the flat’s one bedroom. Will worried Hannibal’s unsteadiness was a sign that the infection and fever lingered, but then he smelt the alcohol. Self medicating. The pain must be bad today. But that was good - if he was feeling more pain then he was more aware.

The bed was turned down, of course, and Will gently lowered Hannibal into it. At first Will had slept on the floor of the room in case Hannibal needed anything in the night, but as he grew stronger and the infection waned, Will had moved to the sofa.

“He’s very attractive.” Hannibal’s words were slightly slurred - perhaps a combination of the suspiciously obtained pain meds, antibiotics and whiskey that he now spotted on the nightstand.

“Who?” Will asked, feeling a tight, burning, ache in his chest.

They hadn’t said anything. Never talked about it.

Will had never mentioned what Bedelia confirmed for him. And, for all of his poetic turns of phrase, Hannibal had never admitted anything aloud. Will wasn’t even sure how he felt himself. *Did* he ache for Hannibal?

Yes, yes of course he did. He had never felt closer to another person. Never known himself better with anyone else. They were intimate. But… they weren't intimate. Will wasn't sure he wanted to be. He wasn't the most sexual person in the world. Not that he didn't enjoy sex, it just wasn't the focus of his relationships. Intimacy was what he enjoyed, and he'd had that with Hannibal for years.

He wasn't sure what he wanted to happen between them. He'd never been with a guy before, but... that didn't stop him from realising how much time he spent looking at Hannibal's lips.

"In that television show. The androgynous looking one. Vince… he has a very nice face."

Will huffed out breath and tried for humour but found instead the words came out bitter - "That your type is it?"

Hannibal looked at him, an eyebrow raised making Will wonder quite how it had come across.

"I… can appreciate the beauty of his aesthetic. I wouldn't want to narrow my type down to a… type." Hannibal seemed to struggle with the his words and Will wondered how much he'd actually had to drink. It amused him enough to cool that strange burn that had streaked through him. Jealousy, he knew, but was reluctant to admit. Even so he found himself still pushing -

"Long haired goths?"

Hannibal looked up at him with a raised brow. "I don't mind long hair. Or short hair. If you're fishing for what I find physically attractive I'm afraid you won't be satisfied with my answer." Hannibal answered dismissively as his eyelids drooped.

His words made Will's stomach lurch. He had always assumed that Hannibal knew how he felt, that Hannibal was just waiting for the right time, or for Will to make a move. Surely he had to know? Was this his way of saying he wasn't attracted to Will?

On some practical and logical level Will tried to believe that it didn't matter - he had been, minutes earlier, acknowledging this to himself. But that turn of phrase had made him realise it did matter. He was finding himself attracted to Hannibal in a physical way and had assumed the same had always been true of the other man.

He wanted to walk out of the room, get some time and space to think about this. Dissect what it meant and what he should say or do - if anything. But then Hannibal added, thoughtfully whilst slurring -

"I am most physically attracted to those I have an emotional connection with… and they have been few. That said, I do like to indulge an interest in new things." He sounded like he was half talking to himself.

Will found himself snapping in frustration that Hannibal didn't deserve - "What are you trying to say Hannibal?"

Hannibal looked at him, a little wide-eyed but a soft, almost dopey, grin spreading. "That I am very partial to the feel of scratchy beards."

Will frowned, trying to work out if this was or wasn't a disconnect from the beginning of the conversation. Intoxicated Hannibal was hard work.

Deciding to give up until the next day where he could have this conversation with more sense - if at all - Will started to walk away. But Hannibal suddenly reached out and grabbed his hand, pulling him so sharply that the subsequent shooting pain through his ribs dropped him next to Hannibal on the bed. Before he could register anything other than the pain, Hannibal was kissing him - nuzzling his beard - thicker than it had been in sometime. Hannibal moaned into his mouth and took tight hold of the front of his top, as he explored Will's mouth with a hungry curiosity.

It took Will a few moments to recover from the shock of the pain and then the kiss, to be able to react. When he did he gently pushed Hannibal away.

"Stop, you're drunk." Words failed him beyond that because he didn't quite know what he was putting a stop to. What this was, where it would go. Whether Hannibal would even remember in the morning.

"Quite right, Will." Hannibal mumbled before settling against him. Will tried to move but found himself as Hannibal's pillow - the man's face pressed to the scratch of his neck and jaw as he began to snore.

*

It wasn't the stiff ache in Will's limbs that woke him. Thanks to the sofa, he was used to sleeping in awkward positions. It was the gentle nuzzling at his throat.

Will hummed at the pleasure of it and rolled into it before he opened his eyes.

Hannibal.

The man was sprawled against him in thin pyjama pants and a t-shirt. Will could see his face was already a little raw from beard burn. The sight brought a twitch to his groin. Yes, perhaps he was quite sexually attracted to Hannibal.

"What are you doing?" Will asked, quietly as though not to spook Hannibal.

"This was perhaps inappropriate yesterday, I hoped you would feel differently now that I have sobered. Unless I misread-"

Will found his breath was coming in short, sharp pants - his body felt electrified. "I… I've never been with a man." He found himself blurting and then covered his face with his hand as he felt it redden.

Hannibal chuckled. "I… will admit that makes me feel both privileged and comforted. If I could be so presumptuous?"

Will found himself nodding despite his frown, a nervous chuckle escaping from him.

Without another word or thought, Hannibal was kissing him. A more controlled version of the previous night.

"Do you want this Will?" Hannibal asked as he pulled back a little, murmuring just above his lips.

"I want you." Will rumbled his reply, his whole body throbbing with need. He could feel Hannibal growing hard against his thigh and bit back a groan as his own body responded. "I have no idea

how any of this works, but I want both of us to cum pretty soon. If we're going to finally stop dancing around this."

Hannibal chuckled, his eyes soft as he looked down at Will, studying his face it seemed, perhaps for any sort of doubt or reservation. But Will knew he wouldn't find any.

"I will be gentle Will, but if there is anything you don't enjoy, you must say and I will stop."

Will swallowed hard and he felt a slight dread wash over him. Was Hannibal going to fuck him? He wasn't sure he was quite ready for that yet.

"Hannibal…" He started but the protest dissolved into a groan as Hannibal moved over him. His weight felt so damn good, grounding and real.

They kissed slowly as Hannibal's hands ruched his t-shirt up enough that he exposed Will's nipples. Will had no idea what to do with his own hands… there were several places he could put them but had nowhere near the nerve, so he settled them on Hannibal's strong thighs and almost melted into the feel of them. He let out a low groan at the way Hannibal squeezed his thighs together when Will touched him - crushing Will enough to press a pain through his ribs.

And yet, even as he grunted at the pain, his cock twitched in response. He had never considered before what it would feel like to be with someone of equal strength, or how much that might turn him on.

"Fuck, Hannibal I…" Will babbled as Hannibal pulled back from their kiss, moving downward until he sat on Will's thighs. Any further words were lost in the high moan that Hannibal drew from Will by gently pressing his lips, and then his tongue, to his right nipple.

Will's eyes rolled back in the pleasure and his hips bucked involuntarily. Hannibal let out an amused hum as he rolled Will's nipple between his lips, only sparking the same reaction again.

Just as everything felt on the verge of becoming too intense, Hannibal released his nipple and laced kisses down his abdomen, nuzzling against the fine hair trailing from navel to crotch until Will realised he was holding his breath. He let it out in one long moan as Hannibal started mouthing at his cock through his jeans. A promise more than a sensation, but it had him throbbing.

When Will was on the verge of thinking he might go insane, Hannibal pulled back, making quick work of his belt and fly. He pulled the jeans open and fished Will's now rock hard length from his underwear. It all happened so quickly that it was a shock when Hannibal didn't immediately take him into his mouth. Will moved up onto his elbows and looked down, mesmerised by the delight in Hannibal's face. More than delight - he looked like he had just realised what was happening and that it was something he had desired for longer than he cared to own.

Will's breath hitched as Hannibal mouthed at the head of his cock, teeth grazing his glans before tonguing at his slit. Tasting him thoroughly. Will groaned and dropped back onto the bed again. When Hannibal took him all the way to the back of his throat, Will almost levitated off the bed. Hannibal worked him up and down, so beautifully - the feel of his sharp teeth skimming his flesh added to the thrill. This man could kill him, but Will knew he never would.

Will was coming further apart by the moment. He had to stop himself burying his fingers in Hannibal's hair and his cock in his throat. The urge to thrust up into that warm, wet, mouth was

almost too much, and Will was thankful when Hannibal pulled back. Until he pulled off him completely.

“Nnng, Hannibal!” Will grunted, not wanting to be teased.

His body jolted and he heard Hannibal make a sound somewhere between impatience and frustration as he yanked Will’s jeans down. It almost took Will halfway down the bed and he laughed.

The laughter was cut short by Hannibal deciding he had removed the item enough and manoeuvring himself under Will’s legs by hoisting them so that they rested over his shoulders. A moment later Hannibal had his face buried in Will’s balls - sucking and licking, a hand appearing from nowhere to assist.

“I’ve always enjoyed your scent Will,” Hannibal muttered against his flesh, nuzzling into his balls and the underside of his cock, as a hand fondled him gently. “Here it is the strongest, an intoxicatingly rich scent.”

“Fuck, Hannibal…” Will groaned and slung an arm over his face. This was all verging on too much, but he didn’t want it to stop. Even as his balls ached and then tightened as Hannibal licked up the length of his cock, tonguing his now over sensitive head once more.

“I love the way you say my name Will, when you are like this… it sounds like a prayer… or a curse.”

How the fuck were Hannibal’s words turning him on so much? Maybe it was knowing they came from a depth within the man that so few ever knew.

His mouth plunged down again and brought Will back to the edge. His mind went to the bluff - standing on the edge and going over so easily. Hannibal, he realised, was not going to make this fall as easy.

Empathy proved true as Hannibal pulled off again and moved back down, this time to his inner thigh. He left Will on the cliff edge of his orgasm as he began pressing kisses to the sensitive flesh. Will shuddered as Hannibal’s hair brushed against his cock and balls as he turned his face into his thighs.

Will jolted again and almost came, when Hannibal brushed the sharp bristles of his stubble against the tender skin, so delicately attended to before.

He arched off the bed for a moment and let out a cry of something completely balanced between pleasure and pain.

“How have I never been with a man before?” Will blurted out the words as they sprang to mind, then flushed - his face burning red.

He felt Hannibal chuckle against his thigh, but not stop alternating between soft licks and kisses, and the brush of his rough stubble.

Perhaps his words emboldened Hannibal, because then the hand that still gently cupped his balls, moved lower. Will felt delicate fingers drawing close to his asshole and felt a confusing mixture of curiosity and horror. He jerked away from the fingers.

“No... I… not… I can’t. Not yet.” Maybe never? He wondered, but didn’t want to say it aloud when he was so uncertain. The curiosity was certainly there, now if not before.

Hannibal’s hand went back up and circled Will’s cock, treating him to long, slow, pulls as Hannibal brought his face back up into view.

“Apologies Will, I was… overeager-”

Will cut off what was sure to be a heartfelt and well articulated further apology.

“Just suck my c-” He didn’t finish before Hannibal was on him again, and this time Will knew he meant to bring him to completion. His tongue moved in ways Will had never dreamed of and he could do nothing but grunt and moan as he was treated to the best blow job of his entire life.

Hannibal’s hand was still around the base of his cock, giving the feel of being taken deeper than he really was. But then, the hand was gone and Will’s eyes rolled to the back of his head as Hannibal took him deep, swallowing around the head of his cock. That was all it took to finally make Will explode.

He came harder than he ever had before, and felt Hannibal continue to swallow as he did so, taking down the entire - massive - load Will spilt. They were both groaning throughout the entire extended moment. Will could feel his balls were still pumping as Hannibal started to pull back, continuing to lick up and swallow every last drop as Will leaned up to watch.

“Fuck.” Will groaned and collapsed back, completely boneless.

Hannibal extricated himself from Will’s legs and moved up to lie alongside him.

“Exquisite,” Hannibal murmured next to his ear, his hard length leaking against Will’s thigh.

Will had to hold back a whimper. He wasn’t sure when he had gone from being completely straight, to finding it a complete fucking turn on to have Hannibal’s dick smearing precum against his thigh.

Before he could hesitate, he reached down and took him in hand. The hitched breath from Hannibal betrayed his shock.

Will found himself chuckling. “Well… Now I don’t actually know what to do. How do you… when you… how do you like to…”

Hannibal rolled onto his back, pulling Will with him so he was spooned against him. Then he circled his hand around the one Will had on his dick, and began a slow stroke.

The silky, warm, flesh of another man’s cock was not something Will had ever considered before, but was now very - *very* - intrigued by. He wanted to explore the curve of it, memorise the weight of it. And god damn Hannibal! - he wanted to take in the musky, rich scent of it.

Hannibal quickened the pace by increments until he was writhing. Will was pressed tight to him now, studying Hannibal’s face - the gorgeous expression as he neared climax. Hannibal squeezed his eyes shut and bit at his lower lip as he drew closer. Will surged forward and took his mouth, thumbing over the head of his cock on the upstroke. Hannibal grunted into his mouth and then came messily over their hands.

They lay panting against each other for a short while before slumping onto their backs - sated. Will knew his expression must be one of happy wonder. It felt like everything was complete - the blurring between them had solidified and shown them to be one.

It was overwhelming.

Despite being in a dark room, he felt blinded by the light of truth and revelation. He wanted to do this again, and again. In many different ways. He wasn't sure of the logistics, but he *was* sure that he wanted to see Hannibal come apart over and over for the rest of his life.

He wanted desperately to voice it. To find the same poetic words he was sure Hannibal wasn't saying in fear that it might scare Will off. He wanted to let Hannibal know that he loved him, he wanted him in every way. He couldn't imagine a world without him in it.

Thoughts swirled and tried to come together on his tongue until Will finally uttered -

"I… I think I have thing for scratchy beards too."

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